



WOMAN'S REALM

Defines Ideal Family.

Rev. D. D. Vaughn, of the Halstead Street Institutional Church, Chicago, who, by a series of heart-to-heart questions with his congregation, has learned what the "ideal" husband and wife should be, has now discovered through the same sources what constitutes an "ideal" family. To his questions along this line which he submitted he received more than 100 answers. Boiled down to opinions of the majority, they are:

The wife has as much right to the money as the husband.

Positively no credit must be considered.

Parents must never sacrifice themselves to the point of indulgence.

Force children to be obedient, with a hope of reward, and be free in expressing your love for them.

Children should never be lied to in order to force them to be obedient; never burden the older children with the younger ones.

The sisters should never be obliged to give up school for the brothers.

Brothers and sisters should treat each other alike, and favors at home should not be governed according to their sex.

Children have no right to be paid for the work they do at home.—Philadelphia Record.

Corded Fabrics.

There are more silk and wool materials put on the counters each week. New ones that were kept until late in the season have been shown to the public. These are made up into coat suits of one-piece frocks, and are often striped.

Some of the colors come with a plain surface for the skirt and a striped surface for the coat. Silk and wool bengaline is possibly the favorite of them all. The corded fabrics are in the height of fashion. The idea even runs into shantung and pongee. There seems no end to the latter weave. It overspreads everything else. Just why is hard to say, for it is rather raglike when made up and cannot be depended on for graceful lines.

Some of the weaves are delightful for house frocks, and as the material has practically no weight, it makes a

hair with too hot irons, as they destroy the gloss. Unless in a great hurry use wavers. Sometimes rub a few drops of attar of rose or violet perfume on your hair before rubbing it with the velvet.—New York Press.

A Woman on the Trail.

A tenderfoot's first night in the woods is a notable adventure. I shall not forget my strange dismay and homesick perturbation, as I crawled with Doe into our tent in the cold twilight at 9 o'clock. The floor of the tent was laid deep with boughs, over them a pack-mantle was spread, then a blanket, then our sleeping-bags, then several other blankets. Our comrades' tent was pitched near ours, and between the two blazed a genial fire. Doe urged me to make ready for bed in haste, before the fire went out, and she set me an admired example of celerity. But I—alas! everything went wrong beneath my blundering hands. I could not find one article in my duffle-bag without removing all the others; I lost my slippers in the blankets, and my cold cream in the balsam boughs; I was shivering with cold and fatigue; the fire was going out. As for getting into that sleeping-bag, never was there such an intricate process, nor one more tettering in its results when once it was accomplished. I had to adjust myself in the bed by a series of wholesale leaps and bounds, hoping against hope that I might fall upon some soft spot. In the dim light I peered over at Doe, to see what she had done for a pillow. There the valiant one lay, fast asleep, with her head on her duffle-bag—and her boots inside the bag! Obediently I followed suit, squirming and wriggling in the clutch of that hateful sleeping-bag, and dragged up my duffle-bag from the ditch. But I was no Jacob, nor yet was I Doe, to sleep with such a tough head-rest as that, and I promptly discarded it and made shift to fold up my skirt and waist. Then, of course, the buttons got into my ears, and the seams made uncomfortable ridges. That was a funny, weary night; I laughed even at the time. Every time I essayed to turn over, in my still unsatisfied quest for a gentle spot, the blankets on top of

the sleeping-bag heaved off into the ditch. Then what a task to get them again and re-establish them over me, with my pinioned arms! I sat up and stared out into the dusk of the dim, gray, northern night, and longed— I confess it—for my home and my kindly soft white bed.—From "Five Women on the Trail," by Zephine Humphrey, in the Outing Magazine.

Veal Pie.—Use the best part of the neck of veal or some other cheap portion and cut in rather small pieces. Dust each piece with salt and pepper and barely cover all with boiling water. Cook until tender, then add bits of butter rolled in flour and cook until the gravy in the step pan is thick. Line the sides of a baking dish with a strip of good paste rolled a little thicker than for fruit pies and fill with the cooked meat and the gravy. Cover the top with more pastry, cut a gash three inches long across each way and turn back the four corners. Set the pie in a rather quick oven and bake until the crust is done. Be sure that the opening in the crust does not close by the rising of the paste. Serve in the dish in which it is baked.

Our Cut-out Recipe.
Paste in Your Scrap-book.

most comfortable frock for this hot climate.

One of the latest weaves in it has a diagonal cord through it. It is very wide and heavy, much like stylish serge.

If a woman wants a one-piece frock with a long coat, this weave in this material is a good choice.—New Haven Register.

Our Artificial Life.

Two women on an open car sailing down Broadway near Houston street the other afternoon were discussing the artificiality of life in New York. The woman who had taken the negative side of the argument had been temporarily silenced, but she returned to the attack when her eye caught sight of a big window box, fifty feet long at least, that stretched across the third story front of one of the great gray buildings that are crowded all day long with thousands of work people fashioning wearing apparel and other exterior decorations for humans. The box was filled with the brilliant green and white of luxuriant daisies in full bloom. It was restful to the eye—a veritable ocular oasis in the drab, sign-sprinkled wall of Broadway.

"There!" exclaimed the woman triumphantly. "The man who placed that there is one above sordid money-making. He is a man who loves nature and beauty. That proves my argument that all here is not artificial and a sham."

"Look closer, my dear," answered the other. "Do you see those big signs above and below the window box? They say 'Blossom & Co., Artificial Flowers.' That show of nodding daisies is simply a sample of what they are making inside."—New York Press.

Glossy Hair.

"How do you keep your glossy hair?" asked a girl of a woman of the world. "I try to be very particular with mine, but as you see, it persists in looking blowsy."

"I keep well," was the reply. "No one's hair will shine if she is in bad health. Did you never notice how much more luster your hair has when you feel that life is all to the good? Let me get a bilious attack and no amount of care will keep my hair from looking dead."

Besides being careful to exercise and watch my diet, I regularly polish my hair just as I would my nails. I keep it clean, which goes without saying. This does not mean shampooing at fixed intervals, but whenever it is necessary. If one has been walking much or moving around a dusty house cleaning time, the hair will need to be washed before the fixed time.

"Some women confound glossy with pily hair. Nothing gives the hair as unkempt a look as to have it shining with oil. Keep the hair as dry as possible, then rub it to gloss with a polisher."

"Brushing helps a lot for gloss, but in addition I rub my hair with a piece of brown velvet. The velvet brushes used to polish men's silk hats make good hair glossers, but tying a piece of velvet around an old nail buffer answers every purpose."

"I am particular not to wave my

USE OF TAILS.

They Serve as Propellers, Boas, Trowsers and Various Other Things.

"There is no definition of a tail," declares a writer in the Strand. "It is not, in its nature, anything at all. When an animal's fore legs are fitted onto its backbone at the proper distance from the hind legs, if any backbone remains over we call it a tail."

"But it has no purpose. It is a mere surplus, which a tailor (the pun is unavoidable) would have trimmed off."

"Eyes, nose and mouth, hands and feet all have their duties. The tail is unemployed. And if we allow that life has had any hand in the shaping of its own destiny, then the ingenuity of the devices for turning the useless member to account affords one of the most exhilarating subjects of contemplation in the whole panorama of nature."

"The fishes fitted it up at once as a twin propeller, with results so satisfactory that the whale and the porpoise, coming long after, adopted the invention. And be it noted that these last and their kin are now the only ocean-going mammals in the world. The whole tribe of paddle steamers, such as seals and walrus and dugongs, are also coasters."

"Among those beasts that would live on the dry land the primitive kangaroo could think of nothing better to do with his tail than to make a stool of it. It was a simple thought but a happy one."

"Sitting up like a gentleman, he has his hands free to scratch his ribs or twitch his mustache. And when he goes he needs not to put them to the ground, for his great tail so nearly equals the weight of his body that one pair of legs keeps the balance even."

"And so the kangaroo, almost the lowest of beasts, comes closer to man in his postures than any other animal. The squirrel also sits up and uses his fore paws for hands, but the squirrel is a sybarite who lies abed in cold weather, and it is every way characteristic of him that he has sent his tail to the furrier and had it done up into a box, or comforter, at once warm and becoming. See, too, how daintily he lifts it over his back to keep it clean."

"Then there is the beaver, whose tail I am convinced is a trowel. I know of no naturalist who has mentioned this, but such negative evidence is of little weight."

"The beaver, as every one knows, is a builder who cuts down trees and piles log upon log until he has raised a solid domed cabin from seven to twenty feet in diameter, which he then plasters over with clay and straw. If he does not turn round and beat the work smooth with his tail, then I require to know for what purpose he carries that broad, heavy and hard tool behind him."

Bear Went to Market.

Intense excitement was created in Bellingham this afternoon when a huge black bear, weighing 200 pounds, ran amuck in the heart of the city and finally made a raid on a stand of the public market. The animal was first seen ambling along the beach two blocks from Main street, early this afternoon and scores of people rushed from stores to get a glimpse of it. After hiding in a clump of bushes on an embankment for half an hour the bear made its way to a barn and was underneath the building when a woman went out to collect eggs.

Seeing the animal within twenty feet of her and rushing in her direction she dropped her apronful of eggs and, shrieking at the top of her voice, rushed to safety. Venturesome youths drove the animal away from the barn and it ran into the bushes again.

An hour later it climbed the hill and shambled up one of the main streets to the public market place. When discovered by the market master it was devouring a bunch of radishes. Frightened away, the animal started down the street and was making a dash for a fleeing pedestrian when it was shot by a hotel man with a revolver. A second shot from a Winchester caused its death. Nobody has claimed the animal, and it is not known whether it is a tame bear or a wild animal that wandered into the city at night.—Tacoma Ledger.

Where Caesar Crossed Thames.

Where did Julius Caesar cross the Thames? This sounds like one of the questions set by staid old examiners in search of information they failed to acquire in their youth. There are perhaps as many places claiming to be the site of the famous fording as there were claiming to be the birthplace of Homer. This week Brentford has stolen a march on other places and has erected a monument commemorating Caesar's crossing of the Thames there! Most historians and topographers agree in placing the point of crossing at Halliford at a point known as Cowey (i. e., Causeway) Stakes, and but little support is found for the Brentford theory. To many people a monument is the most convincing of evidence, and though there is little tradition to support the Brentford claim, that column will no doubt serve to strengthen the tradition.—London Chronicle.

The Dog Detective.

Speed and accuracy stamped the performance of the police dog which Saturday night was turned loose on the track of the negro who shot Detectives Gallagher and Steale in Flatbush.

The four-footed sleuth wasted no time on theories. He did not go the scene of the shooting and wait for the shooter to come back. Over a scent still warm he led the way to the lumber yards, where the fugitive skulked behind a pile of boards, and got him.

No member of the police department has ever more plainly justified his membership. One wonders what might happen were dogs instead of men set upon the warm trail of Black Hand firebugs and bomb-throwers.—New York World.

The United States annually exports more wheat, including wheat flour, than any other country in the world.—46,000,000 out of 645,000,000 bushels.

Asbestos the Mineral Mystery.

It Seems to Be Half Vegetable, Half Mineral, and is a Puzzle to Science.

The mystery of the mineral kingdom is asbestos. It is, in fact, so much of a puzzle that many scientists look upon it as a sort of link between the mineral and the vegetable world. It might be said to resemble a mineralogical vegetable, possessing the curious properties found in both; for it is at once fibrous and crystalline, elastic and brittle, heavy as a rock when taken from the mines, but light as spun silk when treated mechanically.

Soft, delicate almost as cobweb, the fibres of this strange mineral are so nearly indestructible that they have withstood the action of the elements since the world began. Through all the countless ages, during which the hardest rocks surrounding it have changed their characters, this geological freak has remained intact, having successfully resisted the assaults of fire, acids and time.

One is accustomed to think of asbestos as a very modern discovery, and in fact its commercial utility dates back hardly longer than a quarter of a century. But historians are pretty well agreed that the strange mineral was known thousands of years prior to the Christian era, being prized by the ancients more as an article of extreme luxury or as a most wonderful and interesting curiosity than something of much practical utility.

There is much evidence, however, that the Egyptians of the earlier Pharaoh dynasties, engaged as they were in commerce with the Athenians, built up a considerable industry in the manufacture of what were known as "cane cloths"—garments in which mummified dead were wrapped for preservation. There is a specimen of asbestos textile in the museum of the Vatican Library, moreover, which was unearthed in Rome in the eighteenth century.

It is highly probable, say modern authorities, that the spinning of asbestos for lamp wicks was also one of the earlier uses to which this Greco-Asian asbestos was put. The never-dying lamps of the Vestal Virgins were probably equipped with such wicks. Both Strabo and Plutarch refer to these lamps as being perpetual because of the wicks remaining unconsumed, while Pansanias, Pliny, Theophrastus and other Greek and Roman writers refer constantly to both lamp wicks and napkins as being made of "crystalline flax," a substance which can have been none other than asbestos.

Pliny in particular specifically describes napkins as being used over a charcoal brazier and emerging from this treatment much fairer and whiter than they could have been had they been washed in water and bleached in the sunshine.

So well known, indeed, was the mysterious non-heat conducting mineral in those early times that some historians have suggested that Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, whom Biblical history describes as having survived the ordeal of Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace, were clothed in heavy asbestos coverings before the ordeal began.

Be that as it may, the fact is well authenticated that the corpses of early kings and heroes were wrapped in incombustible blankets in order to separate their ashes from those of the funeral pyre.

The well known story of a later date which relates how Charlemagne amused and astonished his guests after dinner by having the tablecloth thrown into the fire and then drawn out again, clean and white, but still uninjured, points undoubtedly to the use of asbestos as a textile material.

Strange as it may appear, however, the spinning and weaving of asbestos seems to have become a lost art for the next thousand years. No evidence of such an industry appears in modern writings until the early seventies of the nineteenth century, when experiments for using it commercially were made in Switzerland. Shortly after this the first specimens of a very fine, white asbestos, mined in Canada, were exhibited in London. They attracted little serious attention at the time, however, and it was not until 1878 that Canadian asbestos began to be mined on a large scale. Since then the Black Lake region of Quebec has been found to produce the first fibre in the world, and now nearly ninety per cent. of all the asbestos used comes from the Dominion. Deposits are found, however, all over the world, notably in South Africa, but none of them produces the white fibre of the Canadian mines, their color ranging from blue and green to the recently discovered and very beautiful pink asbestos of India.

The spinning and weaving of asbestos has offered many difficulties, as the asbestos fibres have no rough surface like wool or cotton, but are very smooth and thus have a tendency to slip by one another when twisted and subject to tension. An admixture of vegetable or animal fibre was therefore often necessary, but while these facilitated the manufacturing operations, they impaired the fire resistance of the fabric, and special machinery and ingenious devices had to be invented to enable the successful spinning of a pure asbestos yarn; it is, however, now possible to make a single asbestos thread a mile in length which weighs but a pound and a half.

Asbestos paint, plaster, flooring, ceiling and wall decorations, asbestos bricks, tiles, slabs, and even asbestos lumber, are now used largely in making buildings fireproof, and whole blocks of buildings made entirely of these asbestos materials have been erected within recent years in the newer American cities.—New York World.

Her Guess.

The Fat One—"Don't you think travel broadens one?"

The Thin One—"Oh, yes. You've been on a long journey, haven't you?"—Yonkers Statesman.

POULTRY DEPARTMENT



RAISING DUCKS.

Case in Point Where They Did Better Without Water.

We confess that after raising ducks in a small way for three years we cannot satisfactorily say whether it is profitable to raise ducks without giving them access to water. This year we raised them without letting them have access to water, excepting for drinking purposes. During the summers of 1906 and 1907 we raised 200 Mammoth Pekins and the youngsters took to the water within eighteen hours after being taken from the incubator or within twenty-four hours after the old hen came off the nest with them.

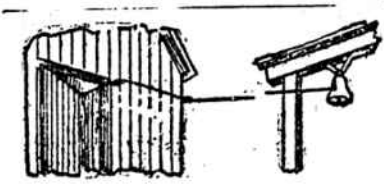
The water, a small stream, was within 300 yards of the hatching place and every duck, with one accord, took a bee line for it, says a writer in Farm and Home. We had good luck with them. This year we kept watch of the youngsters for several weeks, keeping them away from the water. In a few weeks they would range around the feed within twenty paces of the brook but have never taken a swim. We have the Pekin and the Indian Runner breeds, and for the past sixty days or more they have grazed in the pasture, often going almost to the edge of the brook.

They seem to be perfectly healthy and content and we have not lost a duck by disease, nor had any sick or ailing. After eating, they go through all the motions of a swim, dipping themselves and going through the motions as if they were in the water.

We like ducks because they are so healthy and so easily controlled. We aim to market the Pekins at ten weeks old and expect such ducks to average fully five pounds or over. To reach these figures they must not have too much range or too much exercise. It seems to me that the breeding ducks should have free access to water. I believe the eggs will be more fertile and the ducks healthier and stronger.

Alarm For Poultry House.

By arranging a wire to pass from the hen house door to a bell on the veranda of the house, after the manner shown in the accompanying illustration, warning will be given when



A Poultry House Alarm.

the door of the poultry house is opened. If anything is wrong in the hen house and the alarm is given, a man can close the door of the hen house while standing on the veranda by pulling the wire which is attached to the bell. During the day the wire can be unhooked and thus relieve the bell from duty.

If desired, suggests Prairie Farmer, the bell can be placed outside in a box, which will make it sound louder.

Cost of Food.

According to the New York Agricultural Experiment Station, the cost of food per chick, to weigh one pound, on ground grain, is three cents; on whole grain, three and seven-tenths cents. After making repeated tests in feeding, this station says the ground grain ration proved considerably more profitable than the whole grain ration for the growing chicks; and the same was true of capons of equal weight and age, fed alike before caponizing. No difference was noticed in health or vigor of chicks or capons fed either ration.

A Prize Bird.



BARRED P. ROCK COCK.

Good Morning Feed.

Two parts oats, two parts cracked corn and one part wheat, make a good morning feed to be thrown into litter. Feed what they need to keep them busy till noon—about a quart to ten fowls, amount needed varies with different breeds.

The beginner finds many stumbling blocks in the artificial methods, but experience shows the trick of how to easily step over them.

The output of rubies in Burma during 1907 amounted to 2,123,368 rubies, valued in Mogok books at \$577,325. The royalty revenue for the year was \$99,245. The market for rubies was fairly good the first of the year, falling away discouragingly toward the last of the year.

His Idea.

Sammy (admiringly surveying his lately-arrived twin sisters)—Did you get them cheaper by taking the two, papa?—Smart Set.

INTOLERABLE ITCHING.

Fearful Eczema All Over Baby's Face—Professional Treatment Failed—A Perfect Cure by Cuticura.

"When my little girl was six months old I noticed small red spots on her right cheek. They grew so large that I sent for the doctor but, instead of helping the eruption, his ointment seemed to make it worse. Then I went to a second doctor who said it was eczema. He also gave me an ointment which did not help either. The disease spread all over the face and the eyes began to swell. The itching grew intolerable and it was a terrible sight to see. I consulted doctors for months, but they were unable to cure the baby. I paid out from \$20 to \$30 without relief. One evening I began to use the Cuticura Remedies. The next morning the baby's face was all white instead of red. I continued until the eczema entirely disappeared. Mrs. P. E. Jumbin, Sheldon, Ia., July 13, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props. of Cuticura Remedies, Boston, Mass.

The actual valuation of all tobacco produced and manufactured in Cuba last year was at least \$45,000,000.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children settling, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Great Britain's coal output in 1908 shows a decrease of 2.35 per cent., or 6,306,473 tons.

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It takes about ten weeks to build a railway engine.

CONFESSIONS OF A CLOWN.

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Any bookseller will tell you that the constant quest of his customers is for "a book which will make me laugh." The bookman is compelled to reply that the race of American humorists has run out and comic literature is scarcer than funny plays.

A wide sale is therefore predicted for the "Memoirs of Dan Rice," the Clown of Our Daddies, written by Maria Ward Brown, a book guaranteed to make you roar with laughter. The author presents to the public a volume of the great jester's most pungent jokes, comic harangues, caustic hits upon men and manners, lectures, anecdotes, sketches of adventures, original songs and poetical effusions, wise and witty, serious, satirical, and sentimental sayings of the sawdust arena of other days.

Old Dan Rice, as proprietor of the famous "One Horse Show," was more of a national character than Artemus Ward, and this volume contains the humor which made the nation laugh even while the great Civil War raged. This fascinating book of 500 pages, beautifully illustrated, will be sent postpaid to you for \$1.50. Address Book Publishing House, 134 Leonard Street, New York City.

Of the 63,453 Chinese admitted into the Transvaal only 17,000 are still there. N. Y.—27



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There was never an imitation made of an imitation. Imitators always counterfeit the genuine article. The genuine is what you ask for, because genuine articles are the advertised ones. Imitations are not advertised, but depend for their business on the ability of the dealer to sell you something claimed to be "just as good" when you ask for the genuine, because he makes more profit on the imitation. Why accept imitations when you can get the genuine by insisting?

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